ladder and was supported there, the hive forming a cover over the swarm and protecting it from the sun. To give even more shade, an umbrella was opened over the whole thing, supported half by the branch, half by the ladder, in an equilibrium so precarious that the least breath would have upset it; but the air is so calm today that in the distance the upper branches of the avenue can hardly be seen to tremble.

I left the scene, crushed with sunlight. I am writing these lines on the path in the flower garden, of which the part next to the vegetable garden is in the shade. Opposite me, above the dark curtain of Portuguese laurels, I see the top of the house wall where the big firs are already throwing their shadow. On my left, in perspective, the line of espaliers; above them the bright red of the new tiles; the branch of a big snowy apple tree springs out and waves in the joyous blue.

6 o'clock

We have had tea. I read aloud to Em. the first pages of the *Voyage dun naturaliste^* then, sitting on a folding chair down in the vegetable garden, after having read some amusing articles by Ernest-Charles, I am letting myself be voluptuously soaked up by the evening.

8 o'clock

Fremont, who was waiting for the cool of the evening, has come back carrying a forked pole at the end of which, like a sort of broom, he has stuck a bunch of elder leaves. The odor of these leaves, crushed under foot and then dipped in a pail of water, is supposed to be very unpleasant to the bees: "It is like poison to them," he explained. Having, therefore, raised the forked pole under the swarrn, he waited about half an hour until the smell of the elder leaves forced the bees into the hive. But to no avail. Night was falling. He had either to give up the swarm or to hurry. I advised cutting the branch; Fremont had been careful not to suggest this. Mius went off to fetch a huge hand

clipper. Fremont, up on the ladder, held the branch with both hands, above and below the swarm. A towel had been, stretched on the grass, the hive bad been placed on the towel, not flat on the ground but raised, leaning against a plank so as not to cause trouble for the few bees that had already set-tled in it. With one stroke Mius cut the branch. Everything proceeded in the best manner possible and Fremont, by raising the hive, was able to slip the branch with its swarm between the hive and the towel.

But when everything was over, Fremont noticed that he still had on Ids shirt-sleeve (he had taken off his coat) a rather viciously active squadron of bees. The most amusing—I was about to say the most

[a]* *Journal of a Naturalist* by Charles Darwin.